



From the Citizen Soldier.

THE OLD OAK.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Shake, shake thy head in the wind,
And rustle and wail, Old Tree,
And men, when they think of thy glories gone,
Will feel for thy fall with me.

But they never can feel for thee,
Old Oak, as a poet can,
For he hath the heart to break
And they have the heart of man—

The cold and stony heart,
And the earthy soul within
That owns no God save the Idol Self—
No priest, save the priests of sin.

Now, the Poet's heart is warm
And spurneth the clayey clod—
Is warm with the love of the good of Life,
And fresh from the hand of God.

And he will say, Old Oak,
That, though so old and grey,
Thy branches sung a gleesome song
In the merry month of May—

That, in the hot July,
They made a pleasant shade
For the way-worn wanderer, as he strode
Along the sweltering glade—

That August saw the cattle sleep
Beneath thy branches green,
Where the warbling wood-bird fed its young
In the depth of their emerald sheen.

And he will sing, Old Oak,
Of a thousand things like these,
And spread thy fame on the wings of song,
Away o'er an hundred seas—

And he will love thee well,
And a Poet's love is worth
The richest gems and the reddest gold
Of the senseless churls of earth.

So, shake thy head in the wind,
And rustle and whistle, old tree,
To the withering blast as it surges by,
A note of thy olden gle.

THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

I glory in the sages,
Who, in the days of yore,
In combat met the foe,
And drove them from our shore;
Who flung our banner's starry field,
In triumph to the breeze,
And spread broad maps of cities where,
Once waved the forest trees.

—Hurrah—

I glory in the spirit
Which goaded them to rise,
And found a mighty nation
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
As that where sets the sun;
No land so fertile, fair and free
As that of Washington.

—Hurrah—

O. F. M.

ADDRESS.

Of the Committee appointed by the Meeting of the
Citizens of Philadelphia in the District Court
Room, Philadelphia, the 28th day of September,
1843, to the Americans residing in Oregon Ter-
ritory.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens:—Although you are removed to a great distance, you are not forgotten. Many hundreds of miles separate us, but in feelings we are one and indivisible. Your brothers on this side of the Rocky Mountains have heard of your wrongs, and they sympathize in your sufferings. They have listened, in sorrow and with indignation, to the details of the impositions that have been practised upon you—upon American citizens, upon American ground—by our foreign rival and their chartered agents; practised (hitherto) with impunity. We exhort you, fellow citizens, to bear up amidst these manifold privations and grievances. Remember the last words of the brave and faithful Lawrence:—"Don't give up the Ship." We would disdain to ask you to crouch to your oppressors,—that would be unworthy of Americans,—but we earnestly counsel you to forbear, as long as possible, to make forcible resistance in the hope—no, not in the hope—in the certainty, that your country will come to the rescue; and that the day of retribution is not far distant. We have heard of your petition to be taken under the protection of Congress; and we have participated in your surprise and sorrow that your prayer has not been granted. "Justice (fellow-citizens) has iron hands; but she has leaden feet!" If Congress fail to take you under her protection, the People (they who made Congress) will not fail to do so. Fear not, it is not in the nature of things in this enlightened age, that an independent nation, like the United States, should allow her sovereignty to be invaded, her flag trampled upon and her citizens maltreated. When the British Parliament passed a law, authorizing the members of the Hudson Bay Company to arrest Americans, within their own territory, to be sent to Canada, to be tried upon British ground, before British Judges and by British laws, they laid the foundation stone of their own ejection from Oregon. When the same Parliament granted to the Hudson Bay Company our land in Oregon, which they (the Hudson Bay Company) are now parceling out to their adherents, they might have known, that it would not be long tolerated. Had Great Britain been a little more modest—a little more moderate—the United States ever averse to war, might have allowed their just title to Oregon to have slumbered a little longer; but the arrogance and overbearing of the Lion has roused the Eagle. Great Britain has awakened the people of this republic, and forced them to look into the claims to that

Territory, and with that examination every one has been perfectly satisfied. The North, and South, the East and the West, are now thoroughly convinced that England has not the shadow of claim to any portion of that country; but that it belongs, of right, to us. This first step was a wise one; for unless we have right upon our side, the United States should lay no claim to Oregon. We complain of the aggressions of other nations; we ought, therefore, to stand up before the world, with clean hands.—But once satisfied that our title is just, we can afford to take high ground.

"Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just."

For this reason, all that England's ablest advocates had said upon this important subject was maturely considered, the letter of a distinguished member of Parliament, and the statements of the British Plenipotentiaries, have been published. Both sides have been fully heard. Equal justice has been administered. The arguments, for and against, have all been weighed in the same balance, and those of our adversaries have been found wanting. Their claims and pretensions are contradictory—their assertions are unfounded in fact, and reasoning is unsound. They have displayed at every step errors and discrepancies, easily detected by the unbiased, but which, we regret to say, there are men of high standing among them who either do not, or who affect not to notice. They appear to be utterly blind-folded, and rush headlong to the possession of the country in dispute, contrary to reason and the law of nations.—But these errors and discrepancies will not be lost sight of before the great tribunals of public opinion of other nations; and we even hope that the wise and the good of their own country, the recent pointing of them out, will not be entirely unavailing.

On the other hand, the title of the United States to Oregon is plain, simple, and conclusive; any one the least accustomed to matters of this character cannot fail to understand it. Having established the right of the United States to this Territory, Americans were not tardy in finding out that it was of vast importance to every portion of the people of the Union to possess, unencumbered, those broad lands in this delightful region of country.

It was not a mere desire to possess more ample territory. No indeed; we have ground enough, without Oregon, to gratify the most ambitious. It was to give to us and to our posterity a shorter and easier route to the East Indies; to furnish us with a direct and safe transit to China and the rich Isles adjacent; and to find us a market for our lead, our lumber, our peltries, and our manufactures of various kinds. It was to insure to the numerous citizens concerned in our valuable whale fisheries, a safe and commodious harbor for their vessels; and, above all, it was to keep at a distance insidious, grasping and dangerous neighbors, who are surrounding us with a cordon of forts; who are standing between us and our natural western boundary, the Pacific Ocean. There are many other cogent reasons, which will be obvious to you, who are residing in Oregon, to urge upon us to insist upon our just rights to that Territory. What is to be done? make another treaty with Great Britain? We want no treaty. We might as well make a treaty about Philadelphia! Make war! We desire no war; but when war comes we must meet it, as we must all other evils, like men—like freemen. *We wish to settle the country.* Let 30,000 Americans, each man with a stout heart in his bosom and a good rifle in his hand, emigrate to Oregon, and we shall have no war. The Hudson Bay Company amounts to less than a thousand souls, all told, and would, in a very few years be lost amidst the population from the Atlantic States. The Hudson Bay Company are a 'Fur Company,' and as soon as the Territory shall be settled by the agriculturist from the States, and the fur bearing animals become extinct, or even sensibly diminished, the Hudson Bay Company will seek in California, or the more northern regions of America, now claimed by Russia, countries more adapted to their pursuits. Should any of them turn agriculturists, and wish to remain in Oregon, let them do so; provided they will conform to the just and equal laws of the United States.

But how, and by whom, is this emigration and settlement to be effected? If Congress will do two things, the emigration to Oregon and the settlement thereof will follow, as naturally, as water flows down an inclined plane.

1st. Let Congress make a military road from the Missouri river, near the mouth of the Platte, to the mouth of the North fork of that river, and thence by that fork to the South pass of the Rocky Mountains; and through the same, to Lewis'

river, and by Lewis' river to the Columbia river, and it will be thronged with emigrants from the Atlantic States, always ready to seek new abodes in the West. At the distance of each day's journey, along this road, let block houses be erected, where the Star Spangled Banner, floating in the air, shall proclaim, that the weary wanderer may there rest in perfect security. Let Congress cause to be laid out, on both sides of this military road, for a mile in depth, plantations of moderate size, to be awarded to those who shall aid, for a given number of years, to make this road and keep it in repair, and the present generation may yet live to see the prairies and the (so called) desert smiling with grain fields, and supporting an industrious and happy population of freemen.

2d. Let Congress pass a law taking all Americans, who settle in Oregon, under their protection, and providing good laws for the Government of the Territory, and our countrymen, having no longer anything to fear from foreign oppression, will flock there—will cultivate the fine valleys of the Columbia river, and introduce into the whole territory the blessings of religion, industry and peace.

Americans in Oregon—ye pioneers of the farthest West—cast your minds, eyes, for one moment, into the future. Behold the waters of the Platte and those of the Lewis made navigable—a Railroad of a few miles connecting the head branches of these streams, thus, by the mighty power of steam, uniting the two portions of this great continent. Imagine the woods, which now echo only the yell of the Indian, giving place to farms, harmonious with the whistle of the plough-boy, or the cheerful song of the husbandman as he garners his abundant harvest.

See arising from the ruins of Astoria, a magnificent city—an emporium of trade—a seat of manufactures and the arts—a patron for the sciences.

Behold the felonious Blackfeet, the frightful Flatheads, and the indomitable Comanches, casting away their bloody tomahawks and entering, together, the house of God, and bending their knees, in company with the white man, before the throne of our holy Redeemer!

In a few years all these, which are to us and you so many dreams, will be to our children and our children's children so many realities; and then, as the future people of Oregon are assembled around the festive board, celebrating the birthday of their independence, the first toast will be "the Congress of 1843-4," who laid the foundation of all our happiness."

From the Cincinnati Sun.

The American Name.

We hold a lofty place among the nations. Our star of empire has reached a high place in the arch of fame, and if we forget not the motto of those who laid the corner stone of our temple, we may and shall soon shine in the empyrean of national greatness. To become aware of our true position among the powers that be, we have only to notice the manner in which we are regarded by them. Great Britain looks on us with a jealous eye.—The American name produces a sensation in England above that of any other power. They affect to treat us, it is true, as in every way their inferiors, but their conduct proves that they feel their national glory fading in the increasing light of the Star of the West.

The British Ensign is known throughout the whole earth; the isles of the sea know and fear it—the Orientals know and dread it—ay, and one of the wings that supports the very throne, now vibrates ominously beneath the cross of St. George. But the American name is sounded with the voice of wonder, of admiration and respect on the tongues of the Orientals, and by those who dwell on the isles of the oceans. The Barbarians love our flag—the Algerine looks on it, and remembers who taught him the principles of justice and humanity,—the Celestials look on it, and remember who taught them the folly of distrust and treachery. Every where the American name is known—the lovely form of Freedom is recognized. The millions who bewail themselves the conquest of the Red Dragon, begin now to awake. The awakened eye beholds fetters that were invisible,—a certain steady glancing upwards betokens a new conviction. Liberty! liberty! shall it not yet fly with the American name from clime to clime, till the whole earth shall be redeemed from the thralldom of dark brooding despotism! Do not the signs of promise speak great things for the world through our example and our influence? Listen, a voice from the South Sea—from the Society Isles,—Pomare looks towards the North, and says—"The Americans! their Government will endure, for it is good."

Hark! There is music and fasting and

rejoicing in the East. The descendants of the Gauls, the Huns, and the degenerated countrymen of Demosthenes, celebrate, with a few of our native born, the birth of—whom? Ah! when his name is spoken, shall it be said that the children of Kings ever are blind to the glorious principles of Liberty and Equality that dwell in the soul of the Father of our Country? Washington's birthday has been celebrated in Europe; Princes have honored it. Yes, the Genius of Liberty bears the memory of WASHINGTON as a shield before him, and the fame of the scourger of tyrants shall never die; and we if we cherish as we should the memory of him who sleeps in the humble tomb of Mount Vernon, shall live as a nation, when kingdoms and thrones shall have become as empty sounds, and when the noble in soul shall be the only nobility. The subjects shall have ceased to beg for bread in the midst of diamond laden princes, and the nod of one mortal shall no longer drench another land with blood. It remains with us yet to say, whether the American name shall reach a point of influence above that which Rome in her proudest days could boast. If we ever do our duty at home, with a steadfast eye on the lesson and guiding lamp which our fathers left us, an American has but to say, when in a foreign land, "I am an American," and he will be greeted as a brother. Are these idle assertions, prompted by national pride? Glance back on our history, and reason from what has been what may be. Were the prophetic words of one of our statesmen, on the memorable day of 1776, idle assertions? "I am for this Declaration," said he; "we have but to stretch forth our right hands and we may be freemen, and give to our posterity a day which they shall hail as a day of jubilee, with firing of cannon, with illuminations, and rejoicing." We are that posterity—and what are we now? That day in the year 1776 was a new era; a new burst of light on the dark path of time.

Ambition was personified in Alexander, in Caesar, in Napoleon, cruelty found a temple in Sylla, in Nero; and philanthropy in a Howard. But Freedom was first represented by the band that on the Fourth of July, 1776, pledged life and fortune and honor in her service. It was then that the people of America were christened the Independent! It was then our name began to excite pity in the hearts of those of foreign powers, whose eyes were open to the light of justice! How different are the feelings now inspired within those who now contemplate our position. It is no longer sympathy for our wrongs. No, it is admiration! We have attained a prerogative to say, we will stand, even though the world pull us down, and destroy the majesty of the American name. We need fear no foes without. Countrymen, if we are not decided against ourselves, the name American may for ever stand against the world.

Parting Kiss.

I do not know when I have been more affected by any narrative than by one I have lately read, entitled "The Parting Kiss." "I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I cried, for I was a wild thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient, methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat: 'My child how can you grieve me so?' I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot upon her cheek which made her look so lovely, that I thought she must be well. But she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have none else to love. I recollect she was sick all day, and my little hobby horse and whip lay aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to her's whispered 'mother—mother—won't you kiss me?' Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arms around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek. I felt a cold shuddering creep over me; my father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long time thinking—I feared my mother would

die, for her cheeks felt so cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep.

In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it—it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed—her cheeks were cold and hard, and only the lovely expression, that rested upon her lips, remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would remain with me.

She was buried, but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct; I only retain the impressions which her precepts and examples left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition, without fancying I saw her mild and tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to evil—I felt that it would grieve the gentle spirit, to see me err, and I could not—would not do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of eternity her affection for me had caused her to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. The resolution I have never forgotten—it helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me from the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the business of manhood. What ever there is that is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness, made upon my infant mind, by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my excellent mother."

Dear children never forget this story.—Love your mothers. Be careful to do nothing while the are alive to fill your hearts with bitterness after they are dead.

Little Souls.

We abhor men of little souls. Every thing they do is performed in a sneaking manner. If you trade with them, the trouble they cause you is worth double your profit. They will stand an hour, and contrive a dozen of ways to sponge you out of half a cent; and if they cannot accomplish it, they will go off as mad as a meet-axe, muttering to themselves about our hard world, depravity, &c. If such men have bills to collect of you, they will give no peace as long as they are unpaid. They track your steps wherever you go, and haunt you day and night, till the debt is cancelled. If they lose a farthing by you in trade, they never forget it, but will treasure the supposed wrong you have done them to the close of life; and when your name is mentioned in their presence, they will throw out suspicions and insinuations, to destroy your reputation. With all this meanness, what is very singular, such characters are not aware of their conduct, and deem themselves beloved and respected, when every one who knows, despises them. They walk the streets, talk by the wayside, and drive into any thing they please, with as little regard for another, as if they were created to bargain and make money, while you were in duty bound to look on, and encourage and exert yourself in their behalf. Bound up in self, men of such principles cannot see the right of others, when they come in competition with their interests. So long as they hold up treasures, and the winds and waves are favorable to them, they are contented—no matter how deleterious to others. It would not move them a hair to see the whole property of a neighbor sunk in the sea, provided it would cause a demand for an article of which they had a quantity on hand. Such men live, move and act in our minds—for what purpose except to hard up riches, and to distress the poor, we cannot tell. Certainly they are no benefit to mankind. They have a kind word and smile for none, and they never make a heart to rejoice, except when they die, and the devoted preacher gives out to be sung at their funeral, the appropriate hymn of Watts, commencing—

"Believing we rejoice
To see the course removed."

An Inch of Time.—"Millions of money for an inch of time," cried Elizabeth the gifted, but vain and ambitious Queen of England, upon her dying bed. Unhappy woman! reclining upon a royal couch, with ten thousand dresses in her wardrobe! a kingdom upon which the sun never sets! at her feet, all now are value-

less, and she shrieks in anguish and shrieks in vain, for a single "inch of time." She enjoyed three score and ten years. Like too many among us, she had so devoted them to wealth, to pleasure, to pride, and ambition, that her whole preparation for eternity was crowded into her last moments, and hence she who had wasted more than half a century, would now barter millions for an "inch of time."

Democracy.

Its object—why it should be successful.

What is the object of Democracy?—What does it propose to the people? The object of democracy is the maintenance of human rights; and it proposes the elevation, cultivation, expansion, and freedom of the human mind. It further proposes that this ennobling of humanity shall extend throughout the ramifications of society, in every situation, and on every subject, civil and religious as well as political.—It in short promises the emancipation of the human mind from all the bonds with which it had been shackled, and its elevation to that high state of refinement, enjoyment, and greatness, for which it was created.

Call us levellers, then if you will; for we desire uncompromising hostility to every thing that has for its object or its effect the depression of man. But observe, our levelling system rather seeks to draw suffering humanity up to a higher standard, than to depress the faculties of any. Wealth is not the great object for which man must live; neither does its accidental possessions place its possessor above his fellow in the great elements of humanity.—We therefore oppose allowing it undue influence, or permitting it to crush, overwhelm, swallow up and destroy—or to tyrannize over the less favored and fortunate.

Democracy must and will triumph.—The world will one day own its sway.—And it is only surprising that at this day it has not progressed further, and is not oftener victorious. Its exertions are in favor of the people, and its principles are carried out by the people. It appears to man to make himself happy.

These are high ends—we occupy high grounds, and aim at grand results. But they are not in opposition to the intentions of Providence. All men however humble, poor and wretched, yet possess souls, spirits, sensibilities, hopes, fears, passions, aspirations and intelligence, like ourselves; and the tyranny that would prevent the exercise of those faculties, is what we oppose.

How much wretchedness, squalor, distress and suffering, do we find among mankind! How many persons there are whose labor secures suffices to procure the necessities of life, and these of the most coarse and meagre kind. How many of our citizens are trammelled in mind, and forbidden to think for themselves, but obliged to submit to the tyrannical dogmas of a master or employer, in order to secure the continuance of the meagre fare they now possess.

Legislation is too frequently directed towards the *Property Holders*—the poor are allowed to take care of themselves; but legislation should extend to all alike. As the poor are weak and powerless, they require a fostering hand. Labor does not one any injury, so that he is well fed and well clothed; but these should be well secured to him, without being subject to the caprice of any one.

Our cry is down with oppression in every shape. Let the mind be free to act.—We will give no support to monopolies, privileged institutions, or particular interest. Favor, support, sustain, encourage and protect all alike. Level the whole human race—but level them to an elevated point. The state can do this chiefly. Let our legislation have this tendency:

1. To secure a comfortable existence to the poorest people.
2. To promote the interests of all classes, without injuring any.
3. To unite the interests of the Government and people.
4. To prevent the concentration of wealth either by corporation or otherwise.

Gipsies.—It is generally known that these strange creatures are found wandering over nearly every portion of the globe. Their character is about the same every where, and is well understood by the general reader. None have ever visited this country till the present season. A few weeks since a tribe of Gipsies, seven in number, arrived in Baltimore. They came from Bohemia. They play on various musical instruments, and perform many strange and grotesque gymnastic feats. One black-eyed beauty, a girl of eighteen, is a fortune-teller, and amazes the credulous with her wonderful revelations.—*N. Y. Tribune.*